# The Liberalist

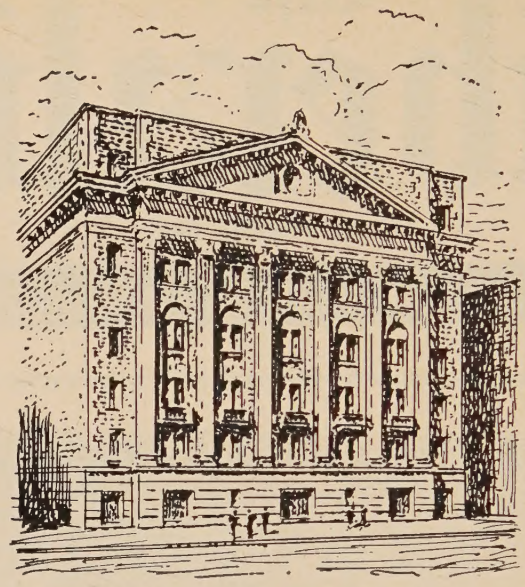
Volume XXX SEPTEMBER, 1953 Number 6

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

### Shelter

BLESSED is the house that knows the shelter of a tree, whose windows frame the pattern of its leafy filigree; just like a picture flung upon the sky, a shifting scene, of changing moving cameos in gold and brown and green. The house that knows the touch of leaves and rests within the shade of some great kindly spreading tree need never be afraid. . . . O happy people sheltered by a tree's protecting arm; held in its green enchantment—you will never come to harm; for in the music of a tree a quiet Voice is heard—that silences all human fears and every angry word.

—*Patience Strong.*



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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# SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

DR. BRADLEY RETURNS

FROM HIS EUROPEAN TRIP

OPENING SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1953

## 11 A.M.

Music by Church Choir

and The Peoples Church Quartet

Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, Director of Music

# ALONG THE WAY

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

ALWAYS in the September number of our magazine, The Liberalist, we are thinking and planning for the opening service of our church, which is the third Sunday of September and this year Opening Sunday comes on the 20th. I always look forward to it with great enthusiasm, for never is there a happier moment to me in all my speaking career than the moment when I start our opening season each year and look again into the faces of my people—for to me you are my people; my family and my friends of many years' standing—faithful, loyal and true, and it is always a heart-warming experience to look into the face of a friend; and when those friends are numbered by the hundreds, and are seated before me, awaiting a message which they hope will bring inspiration and help to them in their daily battle with life, I feel the greatest challenge of my life.

On every opening Sunday I walk out onto the platform and stand behind the lectern with a feeling of nervousness such as a newly graduated and recently ordained minister might be supposed to feel, even with 41 years of preaching behind me. I am glad this is so, for it makes me dare to hope I am not a preacher who has fallen into a rut. When one has fallen into a rut and, because it is a little difficult to pull out of the rut, has just decided to stay in it and jog along, then there is nothing to be nervous about. We just accept the dullness of the rut, and that is that. The man who is nervous and keyed up, is the man who knows he might get into a rut if he did not keep alert to the danger; if he did not keep abreast of the high spots of the road of life; he keeps a taut rein as he drives along and never does he let the wheels of the team get near the ruts of the road.

Never have I been so encouraged and enheartened as we start this season of 1953 and 1954. Our 1952-1953 season was one of the finest years the church has known. Throughout all the organizations, as our church year ended, I felt a surge of renewed life and purpose, and as we held our closing service at which a fine new class of members was publicly received into the church, I looked foward, even at that closing service, and with thoughts of a temporary rest in mind, I looked forward with great anticipation to this year we are about to start together.

Every day of my life someone, from some audience I may be addressing, or someone I meet on a train, in a bus, or even on the street, asks me the question, "What is the Peoples Church of Chicago?" Frequently they give me the impression they think it is a new denomination or some new organization of some sort. So, for the benefit of any reader of these lines who may not be too familiar with our church and what it stands for (and because our Liberalist goes to many countries of the world thousands of miles from 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois), The Peoples Church is merely the name of our church, exactly as Riverside Church, St. Paul's Church, Grace Church, or any other name is simply the name of a church. It does not mean that it is a new organization or a new denomination or anything of that kind.

Our church is affiliated with one of the old denominations of this nation;

an organization which in thinking goes back to the pre-reformation days of Europe itself, the Unitarian denomination. It is democracy in religion and in action. We have no creed to which people are asked to subscribe. We respect the right of individual opinion and believe that everyone should be entitled to his own belief and his own interpretation of theology.

Our church is now in its 42nd year, and every year there has been a normal, steady growth. Sometimes ministerial friends of mine who do not know very much about the church (they are too busy taking care of their own) will say to me, "Well, I suppose you have a changing congregation from Sunday to Sunday." They seem quite surprised when I tell them we have a definite membership and that twice every Sunday during our church year, and on Sunday after Sunday, there are hundreds of the same people seated in their seats. We have as stable and regular a congregation as any church in Chicago. Our membership now numbers 4,000 with a known 5,000 listening on the radio.

Our church is splendidly and effectively organized, and every person in it can find an outlet for his or her energies and a place to work. We have a very successful Woman's Club, which meets in the daytime, every other week. It is an affiliation of the National and the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, a member of the Ninth District in Illinois. We have an active, working club of Professional and Business Women, for employed women, which meets in the evening on the second Tuesday of the month, which is its program night, with one other meeting for business each month. An arm of this club, and organized by it, is the Preston Bradley Auxiliary, an auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club of Chicago, which has furnished a room in Lakewood House on the North Side, for girls who are wards of the Juvenile Court. This club regularly works for the interest of the girls at Lakewood House and for the Mary Bartelme Club as a whole.

We have a Men's Club with over 500 members, meeting in the evening, on the fourth Monday of the month. Also an Usher's Club, which participates in athletics.

There is a young people's club, called The Channing Club, meeting on the first and third Fridays of the month, in the evening.

We have a vital Church School of Religious Education, which meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 in Anderson Hall. Some of the finest church dinners, most sociable and entertaining evenings of the year, are presented by our Church School, of which Mr. Robert Crosswhite is Superintendent.

We have a choir of more than 65 members, a Peoples Church Quartet composed of some of the finest vocalists of this city, and one of the finest Directors of Music in any church in Chicago, Prof. LeRoy Wetzel. The Quartet consists of Anita Braude, Soprano; Marcia Sandahl, Contralto; Arthur Couture, Tenor, and Arwin Schweig, Basso.

The church has three Intermediate Girl Scout Troops, No. 187, No. 301 and No. 860; and a Brownie Scout Troop, No. 630. Our Scout Leaders are Miss Betty Boaz, Mrs. Walter Goering, Mrs. Carl Swanson and Mrs. Lester Nelson.

Beginning with the month of October, a Drama Tea will be held the second Sunday afternoon of each month through the season. These are always popular, well attended and the programs excellent in quality, presenting the very finest in dramatic talent.

All year around the church gives

away to the needy, clothing, food, milk, ice and coal. At the present time it is working in conjunction with the Uptown Lions Club in this worthy help to those in need.

In the congregation of The Peoples Church every shade of opinion is represented and complete liberty is given to the individual member and to the pulpit. We have tried all of these 41 years now past in the work of the church to maintain the integrity of private judgment and to practice true democratic principles throughout our entire church structure.

The Peoples Church of Chicago stands solidly for the preservation of every ideal necessary to the fruition of the human personality. We believe in the sacredness and the dignity of human life. Anything which gives value, significance and understanding to the problems of human living, we consider to be essentially religious. Our whole purpose is to keep inviolate the eternal and enduring values of life.

Never was the church more needed than in this hour. Never did people need more to keep their poise, their balance, than in this moment, and no church can have a higher reason for being than to help humanity keep their eyes on the eternal things and their hearts loyal to the fundamental truths of life and religion.

We believe that a service has been a failure no matter how many people have been present, unless someone in the congregation leaves with a firmer grip upon life and increased power to meet life masterfully and triumphantly.

Joseph Parker, the great London preacher, was asked once how he did his work, and he replied, "I preach as though I were preaching to broken hearts, for there is one in every pew." Though a church is not to compete with the university as an educator, that it must educate as well as inspire is recognized fully by us; but the main business of the church is to focus the attention of humanity on the lofty heights of fine and artistic living, and this is the sole aim of our church.

**Your Church and Mine**

And now I am going to become very personal and talk directly to you, the reader of this article. And I am going to talk about your church, whatever church that may be.

My primary assumption is that you have a church. If not, you would not have read even this far. Having a church there are certain relationships that prevail between you and that church. It is with these relationships that I am concerned. Why did you identify yourself with the church? What has the church done for you to justify your motives in associating yourself with its life? What have you done to help the church meet its objective?

Is the relationship between you and your church all that you hoped it might be? Are you disappointed or do you find your church a greater factor in your life than you anticipated? If you are discouraged in your church contacts are you weighing carefully the causes? These are vital and important questions and ones that every church member ought to consider at regular intervals.

A church is a group of individuals associated together for definite purposes. The degree of organization of any church depends upon the policy of the group. Whether the church is highly and effectively organized or permits a flexibility of relationships, that church will take on the character of its individual members. Your church will be just about what you make it. Not only does your church have a molding influence over you but you must never forget that you directly create personality for your church.

There is a type of person who is unable to find a church that commands his or her association. The whole church idea is repulsive and they go their way without church affiliation. They have their reasons for this attitude and are sometimes justified in their position because of past experience. Yet, it seems to me, with the diversity of churches in existence today, there is a church somewhere which will meet the demands of a great variety of temperaments and viewpoints.

I am not so concerned just now in inspiring church identification as I am in awakening a reconsideration of the relationships between the church and its members. Allegiance is a noble action. If I think sufficiently of a church to become a unit in the organization, that church has a distinct claim upon me. I am a part of its organic life. I am therefore essential to its perfectibility. I am either a hindrance, a drag, an impedimentum, or an energizing, radiant, helpful addition.

The church and myself are both advantageously served by a careful analysis of our mutual opposition. If I think sufficiently of my church to identify myself with its life I ought to concretely express my esteem by a lofty willingness to participate in its activities.

Every church has sponge-members. They absorb everything and never give anything until they are squeezed into it. I do not have in mind merely money-giving. I mean all the loyalties. The church is justified in making reasonable demands on its members. Members are justified in withdrawing from the church if these demands cannot gladly and graciously be met. Personally I would not belong to any organization that did not merit my unreserved loyalty. If the church is worth anything it is worthy of my all.

One hundred active, constant members of a church can make that church a more potent factor in society than a church with two thousand members with apathetic tendencies can ever be. Numbers are a menace whenever individual alertness and interest are submerged. I am consistently keeping in mind my original dictum that the church as a whole will assume the character given it by its individual members.

You have an ideal for your church. You are anxious that your church should be a very important factor in the life of your city and community. It seems to me that the sincerity of your ambition for your church is measured by your individual helpfulness in aiding your church to realize your dreams for it. Your church needs you and you need your church. Perhaps you need the church more than the church needs you.

At the very beginning of the fall and winter activities in the churches, it is a very good thing for church members to make a careful survey of their church relationship. Perhaps you are not in the right church at all. Perhaps your efforts to conform to the standards of your church will only retard your spiritual evolvement. It would be much better for both, if you feel an antagonism, to find a church more nearly in harmony with your conceptions. It is a far more noble act to quietly leave the church for another of your choice, than to attempt to disturb the unity of the church by articulate antagonisms. Perhaps the whole difficulty of your unsatisfactory relationship may be accounted for by the poverty of your own efforts in being a helpful factor. If you love your church deeply you will think long before you wound her.

To love much is to forgive much. So if you are not getting from your church all that you feel you ought,

why not ask yourself the question whether you are justified in expecting much? What the church does for you is in direct proportion to what you do for the church.

If you resolve at the very beginning of the season's work to increase your interest, practice loyalty, assist by regular attendance and assume your share of financial obligation, you will speedily experience a reaction of encouragement in your own life. An enrichment and enlargement of your spiritual faculties will be the inevitable result. Your church will awaken with renewed vitality and it will be nearer the ideal which you desire.

Think a little more carefully about your church and you, and it will not be long until you both are better friends and more indispensable to each other.

**Your Church Bazaar**

Now that you have decided that you love your church; that you believe in what it stands for, and you wish to wholeheartedly support it by lending all the help you can in whatever way you can, let us consider our first major effort of the fall season—our Annual Church Bazaar.

As has been our custom for many years, the General Chairman of the Annual Bazaar is the President of the Woman's Club. This gives no advantage to the Woman's Club over any other club of the church, but it does give an enormous responsibility to that club and to its president. She is charged with the leadership necessary to inspire all the organizations in the church and all the members and friends of the church with a deep desire to co-operate to the very highest degree to make this all-out effort a complete success.

No one leader and no one club can insure the success of this bazaar. Every member and friend of the church doing his or her best is the only possible way to a complete victory.

We depend on this annual bazaar to help finance the church budget. True, it is a lot of work; yet the truth is, we have lots of fun working. Working for the common cause of helping the church promote good fellowship and sociability.

The President of the Woman's Club this year is a very charming and very efficient woman: Mrs. Harry D. Stone. She and her husband are very staunch and loyal members of our church. I am writing this article before I leave for my summer activities, and only last evening members of the two Women's Clubs in the church, the Woman's Club and the Business Woman's Club, met with Mrs. Stone and outlined plans to be undertaken at once toward accomplishing the work of the Bazaar.

Why wait for a special request from any committee chairman? Why not get in touch with Mrs. Stone (RAvenswood 8-7912) and offer to help in any way you can. Perhaps you know how you can best help. Perhaps you would like a suggestion as to where your efforts would be most helpful. If you belong to an organization in the church, get in touch with your club president. If you are a friend of the church and, though a regular attendant at the services, do not belong to one of the organizations, inquire at the church office. There are always ways to make yourself known if you have a real desire to be of service.

Unusually valuable prizes and opportunities will be offered this year. You won't want to miss the fun, the excitement, the thrill of being a part of this great seasonal effort of your church. Get on the bandwagon early and stay right with it to a whirlwind finish.

* * *

While we are still on the subject of

church and church activities, I cannot resist, as we publish this Liberalist which will appear on the lobby sermon table for our opening Sunday, giving you the following:

Ten Commandments for Church Attendants.

I. Thou shalt not come to service late,
Nor for th' Amen refuse to wait.

II. Thy noisy tongue thou shalt restrain
When speaks the organ its refrain.

III. But when the hymns are sounded out
Thou shalt lift up thy voice and shout.

IV. The endmost seat thou shalt leave free,
For more must share the pew with thee.

V. The offering-plate thou shalt not fear,
But give thine uttermost with cheer.

VI. Thou shalt the bulletin peruse
And look there for the Church's news.

VII. Thou shalt the minister give heed,
Nor blame him when thou'rt disagreed.

VIII. Unto thy neighbor thou shalt bend,
And if a stranger, make a friend.

IX. Thou shalt in every way be kind,
Compassionate, of tender mind.

X. And so, by all thy spirit's grace,
Thou shalt show God within this place.

(Dr. John H. Holmes, Pastor Emeritus of the Community Church, New York City)

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# "A FAITH TO OVERCOME FEAR"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago**

**Sunday, March 15, 1953**

A FAITH to Overcome Fear! Throughout my entire ministry, I have given a great deal of thought and have seen example after example of the tragedy of the fear-ridden personality. I was so interested in the subject of fear that some years ago I wrote a book called MASTERING FEAR; a book that was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company of Indianapolis. I spent a great deal of time attempting to exhaust, up to my own limitations, this subject of fear; and the book was so successful apparently, in meeting that ideal, that there are three institutions in this country who use it as a textbook in their psychology classes. Unfortunately, the book today is out of print; so many were sold and distributed that there are none available in the bookstores. But there will be a reprint by a national publisher.

Because of the present condition of the world, I think the attitude which I took in that book is more needed today than it was when the book was first published. MASTERING FEAR! A faith to overcome fear! Almost daily, if we're real active in the midst of this institution which we call life, most of us have to face this problem of fear. And there isn't a person here this morning, if I were given the opportunity of speaking to you individually and listening to the things that are disturbing your peace of mind and your peace of soul but would indicate to me that basically underneath all the disturbance there is some kind of fear. We are all dominated by either an active or a passive fear.

Ellis Parker Butler wrote a book called PIGS IS PIGS! In this book

he told a little story that I think I could use as the basis of our approach to the two divisions in which we're going to place this subject of fear and then make our personal applications. Down in the southland there was a colored family that lived near a cemetery, and on Halloween the mother of the little boy wanted him to run across the cemetery and get a pumpkin that she could carve out and make a Halloween face. And it was dark. He ran across the cemetery and got his pumpkin and just as he was going to reach down to pick up the pumpkin, a voice said: "Leave that alone! That's mah head!" And the little boy was just paralyzed; he couldn't even run; he couldn't move! And the voice was so sorry for him that it said: "Aw, you never mind. Hain't no ghosts; hain't no ghosts!" Well, that helped him a little, but he started home just as fast as he could go and he thought, going through the cemetery, it might be a help if he picked up a stick. Just as he did so a voice said: "Let go of that! That's my leg!" And the little boy became paralyzed again, and the voice was sorry for him; he was chasing him, you know, and heckling the little lad and he said: "Aw, don't you be afraid! Hain't no ghosts!" The boy ran on home and told his mother all about it, and when it came time for him to go to bed (and he had to go to bed alone in the dark) his mother went in to say goodnight to him and she said: "Now sonny, don't you all be afraid of ghosts. They hain't no ghosts!" "I ain't afraid of the ghosts what am; I's just afraid of the ghosts what hain't!"

Now, we are filled with the fear of ghosts "what hain't!" And if you break down the fears of people you will discover they are often the fears "what hain't." Now there are some fears "that are"; and they are good fears. There are lots of fears that are good! It's a good thing for a person to be fearful about their future. When they're fearful about the future of their job, they will do a better job. It's a good thing to be fearful about the condition of a tragic old age that has to be dependent upon relatives or the state or charity to live! For the person who is fearful about that will try his utmost to prepare for that day. They will save their money and become thrifty and prepare for the future! Fear of an unprotected old age is good —every young person should have it! It's a good thing for a little child to be fearful of a busy intersection in a city street. The little child who has been taught fundamentally caution, which can never be deeply impressed without the sense of fear, may be saved from tragic death. You see, there are many fears that are good fears. There is nothing the matter with them. They should be encouraged. It's a good thing for a person to be fearful for their reputation. It is one of the inspiring things which frequently make for good character, because you don't want anything to happen to that. That's a good fear! It may keep a lot of people straight in the world. Now those are all fears "what am."

Now we're going to spend a moment or two on fears "what hain't." And this is where we get into that interesting area of the inner personality; that dividing line between normality and abnormality, just this side of a phobia that doesn't remain a phobia, but ripens and evolves into something more tragic. We have the fear of height; the fear of cloister; the fear of crowds—all kinds of fears. There are over one hundred fears that people have, all of which are indicative and symptomatic, and, if not controlled, will increase the disintegration of the personality. So those are dangerous

fears. One of the surest evidences of the beginnings of distortion for a personality is the cultivation of a suspicion that people are beginning "to have it in for them"! This can develop into a personal tragedy—the fear of persecution. You see people in a group and you say, "Why, they're talking about me!". That's just as much a symptom as though your head ached, or you had a pain in your shoulder, or your gall bladder. It's just as real and just as vital! Those are the fears that create an unhappiness of life; that begin to split the personality; that begin to indicate the inner turmoil of twisted loyalties. And the first beginning of deep personality trouble is the twisted loyalty. The step on from there is a divided personality, and the step on from there is complete removal from social responsibility, and means being institutionalized. Now, if you can catch these things early enough in these fears "what hain't," you can avoid all of this and you can progress transcendingly, every day of your life, into a life of beauty and of strength, and of happiness, and above all, of peace.

Therefore, the faith to overcome fear, to apply what I have just said, is our immediate task and the problem of the moment. Two fears! We're dealing now with the intangible, the almost mystical, the hidden rearrangement of the inner personality of a person. That's where we must begin with the fears "what hain't." And the first thing we must do is to recognize our own latent danger. If you begin to be a little bit suspicious of yourself and find yourself entertaining strange attitudes toward others; unable to integrate yourself into the group around you; if you are becoming anti-social, there must be an early diagnosis of that.

Of course, the thing to do is to have a complete physical examination by the best physician and diagnostician that can be found. The fear with which many people face that is one of the things that has opened up for them later misery and later unhappiness. I think I would do more for people finally if I could convince them of the necessity of this being the first step when there is a physical and intellectual and spiritual upheaval in the personality!

Probably our Christian Science friends, for whom I have a great deal of respect and admiration, would recommend no such process. But I have seen too many tragedies that might have been averted to accept that wholly and fully. The first thing is to find out the physical constituency of your own body—and no one should be afraid of that. Then the second thing is to find a good psychiatrist. And a lot of people are afraid to go to a psychiatrist; they think: "Oh, if they ever found out I've gone to a psychiatist, they'll think I'm crazy!" Well the fact of the matter is you're crazy if you don't! The reason I say a psychiatrist is because an authenticated, authorized psychiatrist must have a doctor's degree; a psychologist doesn't need one. Consult the Psychiatric Institute and ask them for a recommendation of a psychiatrist. Because, you see, the foundation of all these fears of life is in "soul sickness." Now that's going to take a metaphysician. And meta is the Greek word that means "above," and a metaphysician is above the physician of materia medica. So now we have something called "psychosomatic" medicine, which is accepted in the best of the medical fraternity!

One of the greatest Doctors in the United States said two weeks ago, that "eighty-six per cent of the people who come to see me would never need to

come to see me at all, if they had had a great faith!" Their bearings had let go! They were drifting; they had no anchorage; they wouldn't give their loyalty to any great religion; they had no use for the church; they were satiating themselves with pleasure; they were seeking relief in alcohol or narcotics; they were at the place where they couldn't possibly live with themselves, so they had to be lifted out of their own environment and they had to create an artificial and stimulating environment for themselves. Every alcoholic and every person who utilizes narcotics is a sick person. They are ill in their souls! And this idea of criticism or punishment or attack against them is tragic. A person in that condition is beyond criticism; they're beyond advice; they're beyond everything but God! And no one can ever get low enough in this world to be beyond God! It isn't a matter of will-power, and it isn't a matter of pride. This question of the fear that gnaws away our hearts and our souls is a question of a great lack of faith.

When Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral preached that great sermon in Geneva before the League of Nations, he said, "Gentlemen, the basis of all war is fear!" And he was right! That's what's the matter with the world today—fear! We're afraid of somebody! That's behind racial antagonism! People are afraid of people who are different! We're afraid! And what would happen if we would all absorb into our very hearts and into our souls the great truth of Paul—"Perfect love casteth out fear!" You say love the Russians; love the Poles; love the Czechs; love the Bulgarians; love Negroes; love Jews; love Roman Catholics? I fling it right back to you. You had better build love, or the fear gnawing in your hearts will create war! And then there'll be nothing left for anybody to love! "Perfect love casteth out fear!"

A word of personal testimony in these final sentences. One of the things for which I am most grateful is, that while I have all the normal fears and the natural fears "what are," I have eliminated all the fears "that aren't." The victory! No one can harm you; no one can hurt you; no one can stop you; no barrier can prevent you. The sick soul, through psychiatry under Freud, must not forget that Jesus Christ anticipated Freud by eighteen hundred years! And when the Master said, "Fear not!" He spoke more in two words than all the materialistic psychiatrists of the world have said since Freud brought it into being! Freud is not enough! Psychiatry is not enough! You must supplement the fears that you eradicate through good psychiatry by filling the soul, in the vacuum left when your fears evaporate, with a great faith in God! So wrap your loyalties around that. Get to work in a church. Give your energies evidence that you are not going to try to raise yourself by your own boot straps, but you are going to make life beautiful, and your fears will vanish! I promise you! I'm going to close with a story—I've been trying for the last thirty minutes to get it in somewhere in this sermon and couldn't find a place for it, so I shall wind up with it.

A little boy had reached the age in his home where his father and mother thought that he should go to bed alone in the dark at night. They didn't want him to be afraid of the dark. They had quite a job for awhile, but finally one evening the little boy said, "Well, I'm going to bed now. Goodnight!" And he added, "I'm going to bed in the dark!" And he trotted up the stairs. And his father was so curious about it that when the door in the little boy's room was closed he slipped

up to the door and listened; and the little boy was on his knees and he was saying his little prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take!—

And, Oh God, won't you put on your pajamas
And come down and sleep with me tonight!
You see what I mean?

# Men Are As Trees

Men are as trees. This windy night
they sway,
And yet tomorrow when I see them
straight,
Erect and firm, then do I know their
fate
Is not set only by their mood today.

One month may find their foliage
brown or gray
With dust. I catch myself deploring
all
They lack, and scorn wells up, till I
recall
Their tender green within the month
of May

Some days they're strong, and sometimes
scarred with blight;
At other times they bear such
golden fruit!
One hour coquetting with a playful
breeze,
And yet I've seen them wage a bitter
bitter fight.

Why do I give a man an attribute
And classify him thus? Men are
as trees!

Lucile Lippett

*(Published in The Sonnet Lover's Calendar, 1932)*

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

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## EDITORIAL

THE most important and the most powerful influence in any society is the individual, the institution, the enterprise, the organization, which has the power of creating public opinion. Public opinion, finally, in a free society, determines action, and action always determines character, and character determines destiny. Therefore, in every period of the world's unrest, there have always been a few influences, a few institutions, a few voices that have seen beyond the limitations of the present and over the difficulties of the contemporary into the possibilities of the future.

I think if there is any one thing which has characterized my sermons, it has been a creative, constructive attitude toward the future. In these twenty-nine years we have passed through two heart-rending wars, and with the present situation, three; through two major depressions; through various political upheavals, industrial challenges, and all the things with which you are as familiar as I, and yet I have tried to meet the responsibility in my broadcasts *every step of the way* with an interpretation of the past and an emphasis on present events which lead us to a great page for our future. I have never relinquished, for one moment, nor for one second, my confidence in the greatness and the dignity of man, nor in the potentiality of mankind to build upon this world the realization of the dream of the great Peasant of Galilee and the Poet of Nazareth; a dream that we could build here, upon this earth, the Kingdom of Peace and Harmony and Understanding. No matter how severe the storms were, and though the winds of hatred and controversy roared through our lives; no matter how dark the morning dawn, I have never relinquished my faith and my hope in the greatness and the dignity and the potentiality of man!

I do not believe that we are at the end of an age, nor anywhere near the end of a world; but I believe that we are crossing the threshold into a new era, and that all the pangs and the heartaches of civilization today are but the agonizing cries of birth. We

are not having sermons of funereal significance; we are having the triumphant utterances of a new and a better tomorrow!

That constructive and creative faith which has always been the imperative of my work deepens with every passing year of my life! I find nothing in history; I find nothing in the affairs of men; I find nothing in the failures of governments; I find nothing in the limitations of statesmen, diplomats, and politicians; I find nothing, anywhere, which ever affirms for me a philosophy or a doctrine that evil is stronger than good, and that evil men have a more powerful influence than good men! This is only reiteration to many of you who have heard me through the years, but it is the one golden note that has run through all I have tried to do in the twenty-nine years of this broadcasting! And when the great opportunity became mine, an opportunity which necessarily was conditioned by my limitations—and when the larger opportunity of television dawned upon the world, and became the possibility of communication and inspiration for men and women—I simply gloried in the opportunity that was to be presented in these two media of inspiration. I have found much to discourage me there.

The first discouragement was the tragic information that the IQ of the American listener and viewer was that of a fourteen-year-old mind! I felt a little badly about that because it was against the background of 250 years of free education in the United States! And I felt that a people who had had the opportunity which was ours, and is ours, for cultivating familiarity and knowledge of the universe of which we are a part, and understanding the problems of the society of which we are an integral, that we certainly could evidence a higher ratio of intelligence, and particularly of critical values, so that radio programs and television programs would not succumb under the pressure of the commercial necessities of radio and television to catering to fourteen-year-old minds!

Therefore the first three years of televison were a terrific disappointment to me. However, very recently, there has come into existence a very hopeful sign; and when we will see the response which will come in the great opportunities of art and music and poetry—when more listeners and viewers will tune in to listen to an interview given by Carl Sandburg and by Frank Lloyd Wright, and by the great poet Robert Frost, than tune in to any comedian on the air, it is a hopeful sign!

There is every evidence, in both radio and television, that at long last those who have the responsibility as sponsors, those who have the privilege of using these media which are of so great importance and so fundamental in their contribution to the well-being and preservation of society are becoming aware of the fact that the public want cultural advantages on television. I do not mean that the field is cleared—it is not. There are still institutions with tremendous financial possibilities who have yet failed to realize their opportunity.

When I stop and think of the millions of dollars, literally millions of dollars, available to bring to the human mind and the human heart influences that shape character and determine destinies, and I think of the childishness and the attitude of some of these who have the millions, in their lack of responsibility to the opportunity, then I feel sad and it worries me! When I see institutions, business and commercial institutions, in our country and in our community who have achieved their success, who are what they are because of you—the potential pur-

chasers of their products, the ones who have created their wealth—for it is the consumer who has been responsible for that; and when I see important organizations, important groups, important businesses, important industries that have been made what they are because you have supported them and joined them and helped them, when I see how little they have a sense of responsibility toward the intelligent majority of the American people, I become worried and saddened!

I think that taking a cross-section of the American people they are an intelligent people and a discriminating people; they may not all have academic degrees and be college graduates; they may be simple and humble working men, but they are fundamentally and basically discriminating—and I have been trying to tell television and radio for years what would happen if some great commercial institution would do what Admiral had the courage to do in saying to the nation: "Here's a man who will look you straight in the face and talk about your problems and your difficulties of life"—there's no finer example of what I'm trying to say at this moment than you will find in the unprecedented influence, and success, of Bishop Fulton Sheen!

Oh, the opportunity of radio and television to be ninety percent more than it is in meeting the responsibility of creating opportunity for people to become more sanely balanced and adjusted to the problems of life! That explains the tremendous success of Dr. Ralph Sockman; and the great success of Bishop Fulton Sheen; it explains the enduring influence of my friend Dr. John Holland to whom I listened this morning.

**Bazaar—Bazaar—Bazaar**

Will you make a donation to our Annual Bazaar? Send to Dr. Bradley at 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. All new articles—linens, fancy goods, aprons, electrical appliances, toys, dolls, jewelry, silverware, hardware, etc.

In the midst of all this trembling, fearful world, the hearts of people always respond to excellency, they always respond to the superlative—I have never doubted that! Quite the contrary! For twenty-nine years I have tried to demonstrate it in my Sunday morning radio broadcasts of our services.

This church and this broadcast will stand in the future as it has in the past to inspire, to uplift, and to help the people of every race, of every faith, of every creed.

This morning we reconsecrate, we rededicate this broadcast—this oldest, continuous church broadcast on the air—not to the things that divide people, not to theological arguments, not to religion in terms of creed, but we dedicate it afresh and anew to religion in terms of human needs; and wherever you are, you are God's child, and whatever you are, you are in God's care, and God and you will work out, together, the victory of a great and a beautiful life!

# BOOK CHATS

IN THE July Book Chats I asked our readers to make it their business to read the report of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations, a copy of which can be had for the asking at 54 West Hubbard Street.

I now ask you to read a book just published, written by Will Thomas, entitled *The Seeking*, published by A. A. Wyn; a book of only 290 pages. It is about an experiment in democracy in a northern Vermont town. It is heart-warming and heartening and is the author's experience in Vermont—a narrative which has the suspense and drama of a good novel. It is moving in the right places; it is entertaining and sometimes it is frightening. But all the time you will be absorbed by the story.

This is a book which affects your emotions and at the same time presents a serious problem—it has universal significance, though it tells of the particulars of Will Thomas, his wife and three children.

The family came to Vermont from California. They wanted to find out if Vermont would accept them as Americans. They wanted to know whether they must emigrate to Haiti to find the equality which seemed to be promised in the Declaration of Independence.

The Thomases, Will and Helen, had held good jobs in California and were both college trained. Before settling down to a career of writing, Will had held a great variety of jobs—from prize-fighting to newspaper editing.

We are supposed to be a democracy. "All men are created equal," we repeat with our lips, but still a great many people seem to think (even though they mouth those quoted words) that skin coloring affects mental and moral capacities—even governs them.

The Thomas family hoped that conditions might be different in Vermont. They were wearied of this notion that seemed to be held by too many people. Not that they dared hope too greatly. But in a town north of Burlington, Vermont, they purchased a home.

The book is the story all the way from the first difficult times of their trials right through to the eventual sense of being accepted and sharing.

In a skillful manner Will Thomas makes one realize just what it feels like to be a Negro in America—from the time one makes the discovery as a child—waking and sleeping with the knowledge, for one must be ready to face the next insult. The author can even write with humor about some of life as a Negro.

The book is informal good talk, with mounting suspense, in which the past and the present blend beautifully.

Bradford Smith in the Herald-Tribune says that no one can read this book without feeling shame for the illogical and outmoded notions about race which still plague this nation and daily endanger our position of world leadership. Nor can anyone read it without a warm hope that what happened between the Thomases and their Vermont neighbors will some day happen to all men everywhere.

Says Mr. Thomas himself: "Our relationships with them are not based on race, but on what we and they are like as human beings."

Let us not, through prejudice or fear,

refuse to read what will make us think and perhaps do better than we have done in the past.

* * *

For parents who have little time for reading, and who like to spend some of their reading time, enjoying a book with their children, do take a look at Erich Kastner's *The Animals' Conference,* illustrated by Walter Trier and published by David McKay Company. This is a delightfully hilarious picture story, by a famous German author and artist.

In this satire on our failure to animals and the men are men. We mention this because the Germans have long been expert at making fun of men by depicting them as animals. The book will amuse children from about nine years on up, and the story is for all ages.

Various homes belonging to all types of animals are discussing peace conferences that have failed until Oscar, the elephant, summons an Animal Conference, by calling long distance to all corners of the world. The conference is held in the Animal Skyscraper.

Delegates are chosen in the various parts of the world and by marvelous means they travel to the conference. There are five children present, who happened to be favorites of certain of the animals there—children of all races. The animals are trying to get a better world for the children.

Final decisions are sent from The Animals' Conference to a conference which the men are holding at Capetown, but these ultimatums of the animals have no effect whatever, so force is used. The papers and documents are all eaten up by the mice; the uniforms by the moths; finally in despair the animals kidnap all the children in the world; and at last the men sign the simple rules for peace. Conferences are over forever; frontier barriers are down, there are no more wars and great changes are made in education.

The treaty is so simple, and so much of it what we of childish hearts have prayed for that it makes us feel rather silly.

Children all over the world will laugh at it and love it, and we will wonder if, after all, the animals must take over. The elegant jacket, the cover for the binding and the innumerable color pictures were all printed in Germany. The excellent translation is by Zita de Schauensee.

You will discover in this most interesting and clever post-war picture book to come from Europe, that even picture-book animals jumped from their pages to attend the conference—Mickey Mouse, Ferdinand, Babar, Reynard the Fox, and many others.

When the animals finally achieved the position where there was no more "this side" and "that side" such rejoicing occurred that "the earth's axis was bent back half an inch."

You owe it to your children and yourselves to look into *The Animals' Conference.*

* * *

The author, Thomas Savage, grew up on a cattle ranch in Montana, is only 38 years old, married and has three children. His principal hobby is motor cars and he is a member of Veteran Motor Car Club of America. He personally drives a 1922 Franklin. He feels that the most important thing to remember in this world is that we haven't got much time. The strongest emotion he claims to feel is nostalgia; and he considers his greatest weakness is the inability to say "no" to people.

His latest novel is titled "A Bargain With God." The scene of the story is Boston's Beacon Hill.

Mr. Savage's first novel was *The*

*Pass*, of which the critics and reviewers wrote in superlatives.

George Bernard Shaw said: "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." Yet there has to be the exception to prove the rule, and Thomas Savage is not only Assistant Professor of English and Creative Writing at Brandeis University, but practices what he preaches so well as to merit the above mentioned superlatives.

The book is about Bowdoin Street on the famous Beacon Hill of Boston and the people who live there.

There is Father Ferris, an Anglo-Catholic priest. He is poor as a church-mouse, and has presided over St. Mark's Mission Church for forty years. That church is now in a seriously dilapidated state and is threatened with condemnation. Lydia Brummal, a wealthy spinster of sixty-nine, lives in the ancestral home in the shadow of St. Mark's. Her "man of business" is the renting agent for most of the parishioners of Father Ferris.

There is a young garage mechanic, Johnny, and his wife Jebby, and the baby. The baby's tragic accidental death crushes Jebby beneath such a weight of guilt as to threaten their marriage and their lives.

All four of these people whose paths cross and meet are looking for a miracle that will save their marriage, the church and their souls, but they do not realize it.

The author believes miracles do happen, and the miracle is love. It can happen because God is love and man is made in His image.

In these days of strain and tension, it is good to read a simple story that fills the heart with hope and compassion. The impact of this book is one of deep and lasting emotion.

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

SEVERAL times during the past few weeks (it is early June when these words are being written) I have thought of a quiet, peaceful life, in a little cottage, beside a gentle stream, with peaceful, calm days following each other in sleepy, orderly procession, like the puffy, lovely white clouds we sometimes see sailing softly by on a still, midsummer's day. For a fleeting moment now and then I have tried to feel that atmosphere and sense what it would be like to experience one such day in the midst of the hurricane of activity and turmoil in which I have been engulfed. It seems to me that when I get on that ship I'm going to secure a steamer chair and just sit and sit and sit and contemplate the sea for days, without even wanting to stir to go down for a meal. I say it seems that way. Normally I have a healthy appetite and a yen for action, so possibly the above feeling will only last till the first call for the noon meal on shipboard.

Housecleaning! Painting! Paperhanging! Scrubbing! Cleaning the storeroom! Pictures down, cleaned, and put up again; many needing re-

pair, new papers on the backs, new wires, etc., etc., etc.

Curtains to be laundered and stretched (I can tell you where to *borrow* some curtain stretchers!), mended and hung. Shade difficulties; curtain fixture difficulties. Winter things cleaned, packed and stored. Summer things out and aired and laundered or cleaned. Rugs up and to the cleaners. Rugs down and furniture replaced! Drawers to be emptied, housecleaned and revamped! So much one doesn't know what to do with! Some things chucked back into boxes "temporarily" (that last word has become my nickname in German at my apartment and the word sounds like "derwall" but of course that isn't spelled right) to be shoved out of sight in the hope that will mean "out of mind," but somehow it never does. One still feels the weight of that job that is waiting to be done.

What a familiar ring all the above will have to every woman who has a home or an apartment to be gone over every spring, year after year. But this year, it was different. The storeroom hadn't been cleaned out for 13 years! Why, the landlord had so much stuff piled up on both sides of the furnace room door, that if it had all gone into the furnace at once, the house would surely have been burned down.

Now, as if that wasn't enough, there never have been so many committee meetings of a certain chapter of a certain organization in which I am head-over-heels at work. Projects in operation—new projects on the agenda—convention coming up—plans ahead in many directions—graduation banquet of a children's class in good human relations, with my district the sponsors of the children! And such plans and housecleaning just do not jibe, if you know what I mean!

I believe Dr. Bradley has said that at the very heart of every storm, hurricane or cyclone there is a place of dead calm. Well, I have tried to realize that dead calm when things got to circling around and around in my mind and I didn't know which one to concentrate on. Because, after all, in addition to all this there were June, July, August and September Liberalists for which copy had to be prepared and all bundled up neatly and packaged and sent off to the printers for them to worry over after the Study was closed up for the summertime.

Well, it has been one more experience and one more chance to discover that one can find, at the heart of the storm and the hurricane a deep center inside one's self, where calm can be reached and gotten hold of and held onto. And that discovery is worth a great deal.

* * *

Speaking of committee meetings, notice has just arrived at the house of another committee meeting next Tuesday night, of the Professional and Business Woman's Club, when Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President of the Woman's Club and General Chairman of the Peoples Church Bazaar, will meet with the club to outline vigorous plans to be carried on during the summer and fall which promise the biggest and best bazaar ever held in the Peoples Church.

* * *

And now here at my right-hand is the Mail Bag, stuffed and over-flowing with interesting letters to Dr. Bradley.

The first letter is from the Chamber of Commerce of Fremont, Michigan:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to thank you for making our Twenty-Second Annual Honor Banquet a success.

I have had many compliments from the ones who attended. They said you

gave one of the finest talks ever given in Fremont.

I think you made a great hit with the youth who were there and I know you did with the older people.

I hope we may have the pleasure of having you with us again.

Very sincerely yours,

Linden Evans,

Secretary and Manager.

* * *

After the return of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley to Chicago from the post-Easter trip, the following letter was received from the Reverend Albert D'Orlando, Minister of The First Unitarian Church of New Orleans, where Dr. Bradley preached a sermon the first Sunday after leaving Chicago:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have been meaning for a full week to write this letter, but duties have piled up during my absence from the city. Coupled with the fact that I knew you would not be returning to Chicago until this week, all contributed to enabling procrastination to have a field day.

To say that we were indeed delighted to have you in New Orleans would certainly be to state the obvious, but let me say that not in the three years of my ministry here has a visiting minister made such an impact on our people. They were thrilled with your sermon, delighted to have the opportunity to hear you, and happy that you so generously offered your services. As for my part, I can only express my deep thanks and appreciation for your contribution to our church life. Several of the people who were attracted here to hear you returned last week, and all of them seem deeply interested in the message of the Unitarian Church.

It was indeed unfortunate that I had to be away during most of your visit in the city. I know you understand this, and that we both look forward to having you with us again. The people who attended the reception at our home are still talking about their pleasure at meeting both you and Mrs. Bradley.

Our conference was a grand success. Now we look forward to having it here in New Orleans next year.

Again let me thank you for all you have done, and express the pleasure of Mrs. D'Orlando and myself at knowing you and Mrs. Bradley.

Do let us know when you plan to be here again.

* * *

Those who read Dr. Bradley's article "Along the Way" in the June Liberalist will have learned how very much Dr. and Mrs. Bradley enjoyed their reception and their stay in New Orleans. Obviously the above letter of Mr. D'Orlando's should have been in the June Mail Bag, but you have probably noticed that things are not always in perfect adjustment in this world, and in the packed state of our Mail Bag these things will occur.

* * *

Another appreciative note that should have been included in a previous Mail Bag was one that came from Mrs. Harry R. Christopher, President of the Maryland Federation of Women's Clubs:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You were "terrific," to say it in slang. All present were just thrilled by your message and I wanted to add my personal thanks."

* * *

One of our church members, Mr. Raymond Mostek, of 3345 N. Harding Avenue, Chicago 18, is giving us all an opportunity to be helpful to some young people in the Philippine Islands

—a chance to help over 400 young people:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Perhaps you could arrange to publish the following appeal in a coming issue of The Liberalist.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a Filipino teacher, a sister of a young Filipino boy I met during the last war.

These ambitious people have set up a high school in their little village. They lack funds to buy books. They've asked me to help them. Perhaps many of your readers have old and used high school textbooks, old novels and outdated encyclopedias they might like to send them. The book rate to the Philippines is 5c a pound. Please send the books to

Miss Rosario Gimeno,
Guimbal Elementary School,
Guimbal, Iloilo,
Philippines.

They have over 400 students there and I know they'll appreciate these old books tremendously.

Truly,
Raymond Mostek

Surely we will all be glad to help and now is a good time to clear out of that book case those books you have ceased to read.

* * *

And now from Ray W. Burgett, President of the East Aurora Teachers' Association, comes this fine letter of appreciation:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was out of town yesterday so I was unable to write you sooner. I want to tell you how well pleased everyone was with your excellent address at our annual Spring dinner, Thursday evening. It was a personal thrill to introduce you, and to know you better, after having heard you many times over the years. I wish I could also hear you at Whitewater, Wisconsin.

Your points of "character" and "personality" are the sterling qualities of an awareness of a Supreme Plan that must be passed on to children. They are the factors that give direction and meaning in life, and commitment to the purpose of a Christian education for every child.

Yours was an inspirational message we shall long remember.

Sincerely,
Ray W. Burgett, President.

* * *

Dr. Bradley had a nice letter from Ed and Ellen Dalton from Chicago Visitor Center, at 138 N. Dearborn Street. The center is just a baby as yet, but more and more people are lending their support. The Daltons are helping to build Chicago into a bigger and better city and making friends for our city all over the world.

During the first 70 days of their existence 9,764 people visited the center, 352 people telephoned them and 393 sent letters. About 1,200,000 passed their window display; 23,300 requested itineraries of three conventions; they served 47 foreign countries and 48 States. There were individuals, families and groups from all walks of life.

They answered 7,669 questions in connection with business, 2,840 about civic buildings, churches, temples, shrines, museums, schools, libraries, parks, clubs, clinics, hospitals, meetings, and made 10,509 individual business and civic referrals. They were told they gave wonderful service, were a great help to strangers; that such service was needed in every city and that they were very friendly and helpful.

Congratulations to the Visitor Center of Chicago at 138 S. Dearborn.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

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Opening Service Sunday, September 20

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Opening Service Sunday, September 20

Woman's Club—Opening Fall Luncheon, Monday, September 28th.....12:30 p.m.
Regular club meetings held every two weeks, from September to May

Men's Club—Meets the 4th Monday of each month, September to May

Professional and Business Woman's Club—For Summer Events, write Miss Rosemary Christensen, 2805 N. Leavitt St., Chicago 18
Regular meetings held on the 2nd Tuesday of every month, September through May

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
*In Memoriam*

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Mr. Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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WJJD—Every Sunday morning during church season
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J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
*In Memoriam*

**PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY**

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, President
4604 Beacon, Zone 40 UPtown 8-6047

Miss Dorthea Thompson, V.Pres.
5650 N. Maplewood Ave. (45)
SUnnyside 4-5723

Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13)
GRaceland 2-4793

Mrs. Alice Pearson, Representative to the Board of Directors
4604 Beacon St. (40) UPtown 8-6047

**INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187**

Miss Betty Boaz, Leader
7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26)
ROgers Park 4-5742

**INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 301**

Mrs. Walter Goering, Leader
912 Leland Ave. (40) UPtown 8-2282

**INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860**

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4337 Clarendon Ave. (13) LAkeview 5-8708

**BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630**

Mrs. Lester Nelson, Leader
909 Wilson Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-8450